

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"DEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



FOREST AND MR. HOLT'S ADMIRATION AT THE SNOW-LADEN SPRUCE.

**CEDAR CREEK;**  
FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.  
A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXI.—A MEDLEY.

"We may soon expect winter," said Sam Holt, as he drew forth his gigantic snow-shoes, which had been standing up against the interior wall of the shanty, and now emerged into the brilliant sunshine.

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"Soon expect it!" ejaculated Robert; "why, I should say it had very decidedly arrived already. I am sure twelve inches of snow must have fallen last afternoon and night."

"It is late this year; I've seen it deep enough for sleighing the second week in November; and from this till March the ground will be hidden, generally under a blanket four feet thick. You are only on the outskirts of winter as yet."

O

PRICE ONE PENNY

"Four months! I wonder it doesn't kill all vegetation."

"On the contrary, it is the best thing possible for vegetation." Only for the warm close covering of snow, the intense and long-continued frost would penetrate the soil too deeply to be altogether thawed by the summer sun."

"I was very much struck," said Robert, "by seeing, in a cemetery near Quebec, a vault fitted with stone shelves, for the reception of the bodies of people who die during winter, as they cannot be properly interred till the next spring."

"Yes; Lower Canada is much colder than our section of the province. Learned men say something about the regular northward tendency of the isothermal lines\* from east to west; certain it is that, the farther west you go, the higher is the mean annual temperature, back to the Pacific, I believe. So the French Canadians have much the worst of the cold. You might have noticed flights of steps to the doors of the *habitans*? That was a provision against snowing time; and another proof of the severity of the frost is, that any mason work not bedded at least three feet deep into the earth is dislodged by the April thaws."

"Now what would you say to freezing up your winter stores of meat and fowls? They're obliged to do it in Lower Canada. Fresh mutton, pork, turkeys, geese, fowls, and even fish, all stiff and hard as stone, are packed in boxes and stowed away in a shed till wanted. The only precaution needful is to bring out the meat into the kitchen a few days before use, that it may have time to thaw. Yet I can tell you that winter is our merriest time; for snow, the great leveller, has made all the roads, even the most rickety corduroy, smooth as a bowling-green; consequently, sleighing and tobogganing parties without end are carried on."

"That's a terribly hard word," remarked Arthur.

"It represents great fun, then, which isn't generally the case with hard words. A toboggan is an Indian traineau of birch-bark, turned up at one end, and perfectly level with the snow. A lady takes her seat on this, and about a foot and a half of a projection behind her is occupied by a gentleman, who is the propelling instrument for the vehicle. He tucks one leg under him, and leaves the other trailing on the snow behind, as a rudder. I should have told you that, first of all, the adventurous pair must be on the top of a slope; and when all is ready, the gentleman sets the affair in motion by a vigorous kick from his rudder leg. Of course the velocity increases as they rush down the slope; and unless he is a skilful steersman, they may have a grand upset or be embosomed in a drift; however, the toboggan and its freight generally glides like an arrow from the summit, and has received impetus enough to carry it a long distance over the smooth surface of the valley at foot."

"How first-rate it must be!" exclaimed Arthur. "But we never shall see a human being in these backwoods; and over his handsome face came an expression of *ennui* and weariness which Robert disliked and dreaded. "Come, Holt, I'm long-

ing to have a try at the snow-shoes:" and his volatile nature brightened again immediately, at the novelty.

"I'm afraid they're too long for this little clearing, among all the stumps," said the manufacturer; "you may wear them eighteen inches shorter in the forest than on the roads or plains. At all events, I'll have to beat the path for you first;" and having fixed his mocassined feet in the walking-thong and heel-cord, with his toes just over the "eye," he began to glide along, first slowly and then swiftly. Now was the advantage of the immense sole visible; for whereas Robert and Arthur sank far above their ankles at every step in the loose dry snow, Mr. Holt, though much the heaviest of the three, was borne on the top buoyantly.

"You see the great necessity is," said he, returning by a circuit, "that the shoe should never press into the snow; so you must learn to drag it lightly over the surface, which requires some little practice. To render that easier, I've beaten the track slightly."

"Holt, are those genuine Indian mocassins?" asked Robert, as he ungirded his feet from the straps of the snow-shoes.

"Well, they're such as I've worn over many a mile of Indian country," was the answer; "and I can recommend them as the most agreeable *chaussure* ever invented. Chiropodists might shut shop, were mocassins to supersede the ugly and ponderous European boot, in which your foot lies as dead as if it had neither muscles nor joints. Try to cross a swamp in boots, and see how they'll make holes and stick in them, and only come up with a slush, leaving a pool behind; but mocassined feet trip lightly over: the tanned deer-hide is elastic as a second skin, yet thick enough to ward off a cut from thorns or pebbles, while giving free play to all the muscles of the foot."

"You haven't convinced me: it's but one remove from barefootedness. Like a good fellow, show me how I'm to manage these monstrous snow-shoes: I feel as queer as in my first pair of skates."

Mr. Holt did as required. But the best theoretical teaching about anything cannot secure a beginner from failures, and Arthur was presently brought up by several inches of snow gathered round the edges of his boards, and adding no small weight.

"It will work up on them," said he, (as, when a smaller boy, he had been used to blame everything but himself,) "in spite of all I can do."

"Practice makes perfect," was Sam Holt's consolatory remark. "Get the axes, Robert, and we'll go chop a bit."

"I'll stay awhile by the snow-shoes," said Arthur.

The others walked away to the edge of the clearing, Mr. Holt having first drawn on a pair of the despised European boots.

Never had Robert seen such transparent calm of heaven and earth as on this glorious winter day. It was as if the common atmosphere had been purified of all grosser particles—as if its component gases had been mixed afresh, for Canadian use only. The cold was hardly felt, though Mr. Holt

\* Lines of equal mean annual temperature.

was sure the thermometer must be close upon zero; but a bracing exhilarating sensation strung every nerve with gladness and power.

"You'll soon comprehend how delightful our winter is," said Sam Holt, noticing his companion's gradually glowing face. "It has phases of the most bewitching beauty. Just look at this white spruce, at all times one of our loveliest trees, with branches feathering down to the ground, and every one of its innumerable sea-green leaves tipped with a spikelet which might be diamond!"

They did stand before that splendid tree—satiating sight!

"I wonder it escaped the lumberers when they were here; they have generally pretty well weeded the forests along this chain of lakes of such fine timber as this spruce. I suppose it's at least a hundred feet high: I've seen some a hundred and forty."

"And you think lumberers have been chopping in these woods? I saw no signs of them," said Robert.

"I met with planks here and there, hewed off in squaring the timber; but even without that, you know they're always the pioneers of the settler, along every stream through Canada. This lake of yours communicates with the Ottawa, through the river at the 'Corner,' which is called 'Clyde' farther on, and is far too tempting a channel for the lumberers to leave unused."

The speaker stooped at the foot of a Balm-of-Gilead fir, on the edge of the swamp, and partially cleared away the snow, revealing a tuft of cranberries, much larger and juicier than they are ever seen in England.

"I noticed a bed of them here the other day. Now if you want a proof of the genial influence of the long-continued snow on vegetation, I can tell you that these cranberries—ottakas, the French Canadians call them—go on ripening through the winter under three or four feet of snow, and are much better and juicier than in October, when they are generally harvested. That cedar swamp ought to be full of them."

"I wonder can they be preserved in any way," said Robert, crushing in his lips the pleasant bitter-sweet berry. "Linda is a wonderful hand at preserves, and when she comes—"

The thought seemed to energize him to the needful preparation for that coming: he immediately made a chop at a middle-aged Weymouth pine alongside, and began to cut it down.

"Well, as to preserving the cranberries," said Mr. Holt, laughing in his slight silent way, "there's none required; they stay as fresh as when plucked for a long time. But your sister may exercise her abilities on the handfuls of strawberries, and raspberries, and sand cherries, and wild plums, that fill the woods in summer. As to the cranberry patches, it is a curious fact that various Indian families consider themselves to have a property therein, and migrate to gather them every autumn, squaws and children and all."

"It appears that my swamp is unclaimed, then," said Robert, pausing in his blows.

"Not so with your maples," rejoined the other:

"there's been a sugar camp here last spring, or I'm much mistaken."

He was looking at some old scars in the trunks of a group of maples, at the back of the Weymouth pine on which Robert was operating.

"Yes, they've been tapped sure enough; but I don't see the *loupes*—the vats in which they leave the sap to crystallize: if it was a regular Indian 'sucrerie,' we'd find those. However, I suspect you may be on the look-out for a visit from them in spring—*au temps des sucres*, as the *habitants* say."

"And I'm not to assert my superior rights at all?"

"Well, there's certainly sugar enough for both parties during your natural lives, and the Indians may sheer off when they find the ground occupied; so I'd advise you to say nothing about it. Now, Wynn, let your pine fall on that heap of brushwood; 'twill save a lot of trouble afterwards; if not, you'll have to drag the head thither, and chop and pile the branches, which is extra work you'd as soon avoid, I dare say."

After some judicious blows from the more experienced axe, the pine was good enough to fall just as required.

"Now the trunk must be chopped into lengths of twelve or fourteen feet;" and Mr. Holt gashed a mark with his axe at such distances, as well as he could guess. When it was done,

"What's the rate of speed of this work?" asked Robert. "It seems so slow as to be almost hopeless; the only consideration is, that one is doing it all for one's self, and for—those as dear as self," he could have added, but refrained.

"About an acre in eight or nine days, according to your expertness," was the reply. Robert did a little ciphering in his mind immediately. Three axes, plus twenty-seven days, (minus Sundays,) equal to about the chopping of ten acres and a fraction during the month of December. The calculation was somewhat reassuring.

"What curious curves there are in this Canadian axe," he remarked, as he stood leaning on the handle and looking down. "It differs essentially from the common woodman's axe at home."

"And which the English manufacturers persisted in sending us, and could not be induced to make on precisely the model required, until we dispensed with their aid by establishing an edge-tool factory of our own in Galt, on the Grand River."

"That was a declaration of independence which must have been very sensibly felt in Sheffield," remarked Robert.

They worked hard till dinner, at which period they found Arthur limping about the shanty.

"I practised those villanous snow-shoes for several hours, till I walked beautifully; but see what I've got by it," he said: "a pain across the instep as if the bones would split."

"Oh, just a touch of *mal de raquette*," observed Sam Holt, rather unsympathizingly. "I ought to have warned you not to walk too much in them at first."

"And is there no cure?" asked Arthur, somewhat sharply.

"Peter Logan would scarify your foot with a

gunflint, that is, if the pain were bad enough. Do you feel as if the bones were broken, and grinding together across the instep?"

But Arthur could not confess to his experiences being so bad as this. Only a touch of the *mal de raquette*, that was all. Just a-paying for his footing in snow-shoes.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—THE ICE-SLEDGE.

SAM HOLT had long fixed the first snow as the limit of his stay. He had built his colossal shoes in order to travel as far as Greenock on them, and there take the stage, which came once a week to that boundary of civilization and the post.

Two or three days of the intensest frost intervened between the first snow and the Thursday on which the stage left Greenock. Cedar Pond was stricken dead—a solid gleaming sheet of stone, from shore to shore. A hollow smothered gurgle far below was all that remained of the life of the streams; and nightly they shrank deeper, as the tremendous winter in the air forced upon them more ice, and yet more.

Notwithstanding the roaring fires kept up in the shanty chimney, the stinging cold of the nights made itself felt through the unfinished walls. For want of boards, the necessary interior wainscoting had never been put up. The sight of the frozen pond suggested to Mr. Holt a plan for easily obtaining them. It was to construct an ice-boat, such as he had seen used by the Indians; to go down to the "Corner" on skates, lade the ice-boat with planks, and drive it before them back again.

Arthur, who hailed with delight any variety from the continual chopping, entered into the scheme with ardour. Robert would have liked it well enough, but knew that two persons were quite sufficient for the business; he rather connived at that younger brother's holidays; he must abide by the axe.

One board, about nine feet long, remained from Arthur's attempts at "slabbing." This, Mr. Holt split again with wedges, so as to reduce it considerably in thickness, and cut away from the breadth, till it was only about twenty inches wide. The stoutest rope in the shanty stores was fastened to it fore and aft, and drawn tightly, to produce a curve into boat-shape, and a couple of cross pieces of timber were nailed to the sides as a sort of balustrade and reinforcement to the rope. The ice-sledge was complete; the voyagers tied down their fur caps over their ears, strapped the dreadnought boots tightly, and launched forth.

"Throth, I donno how they do it at all at all," said Andy, who had lent his strength to the curving of the sledge, and now shook his head as he viewed them from the shore. "I'd as soon go to walk on the edges of knives as on them things they call skates; throth, betune the shoes as long as yerself for the snow, an' the shoes wid soles as sharp as a soord for the ice, our own ould brogues aren't much use to us. An' as for callin' that boord a boat, I hope they won't thry it on the wather, that's all."

As if he had discharged his conscience by this protesting soliloquy, Mr. Callaghan turned on his heel, and tramped after Robert up to the shanty.

Meanwhile, the voyagers had struck out from the natural cove formed by the junction of the creek with the pond, where were clumps of stately reeds, stiffened like steel by the frost. The cedar boughs in the swamp at the edge drooped lower than ever under their burden of snow; the stems looked inky black, from contrast. The ice-boat pushed on beautifully, with hardly any exertion, over the greyish glistening surface of the lake.

"I fancy there's a bit of breeze getting up against us," said Mr. Holt, in a momentary pause from their rapid progression.

"'Twill be in our backs coming home," suggested Arthur, as an obvious deduction.

"And if we can fix up a sail anyhow, we might press it into our service to propel the sledge," said Mr. Holt.

"Well, I never *did* hear of sails on dry land before," said Arthur, thereby proving his Irish antecedents; of which his quick-witted companion was not slow to remind him.

"But I don't much admire that greyish look off there," he added, becoming grave, and pointing to a hazy discolouration in the eastern skies. "I wouldn't be surprised if we had a blow to-night; and our easterly winds in winter always bring snow."

Uncle Zack was lost in admiration of the "spunk" which projected and executed this ice-boat voyage. "Wal, you air a knowin' shave," was his complimentary observation to Mr. Holt. "'Twar a smart idee, an' no mistake. You'll only want to fix runners in front of the ice-sled goin' back, an' 'twill carry any load as easy as drinkin'." 'Spose you han't got an old pair o' skates handy? I've most remarkable good 'uns at the store, that'll cut right slick up to the Cedars in no time if tacked on to the sled. You ain't disposed to buy 'em, ain't you? Wal, as you be hard fixed, I don't care if I lend 'em for a trifle. Quarter dollar, say. That's dog cheap—it's rael ruination. Take it out in potash or maple sugar next spring—eh? Is it five cents cash you named, Mister Holt? Easy to see you never kep a backwoods store. Did anybody ever hear of anythin' so onreasonable?"

To which offer he nevertheless acceded after some grumbling; and the runners of the borrowed skates were fastened underneath the sled, by Mr. Holt's own hands and hammer. Next, that gentleman fixed a pole upright in the midst, piling the planks from the sawmill close to it, edgeways, on both sides, and bracing it with a stay-rope to stem and stern. At the top ran a horizontal stick to act as yard, and upon this he girt an old blanket lent by Jackey Dubois, the corners of which were caught by cords drawn taut and fastened to the balustrade aforementioned.

Sam Holt had in his own brain a strong dash of the daring, and love of adventure, which tingles in the blood of youthful strength. He thoroughly enjoyed this rigging of the ice-boat, because it was strange, and paradoxical, and quite out of every-day ship-building. The breeze, become stronger, was moaning in the tops of the forest as he finished; the greyish haze had thickened into well-defined clouds creeping up the sky; yet hardly near enough



to account for one or two flakes that came wandering down.

"Ye'll have a lively run to the Cedars, I guess," prophesied Zack, as he helped to pack in the last plank. "An' the quicker the better, for the weather looks kinder dirty. See if them runners ain't vallyable now; an' only five cents cash for the loan." The queer little craft began to push ahead slowly, her sail filling out somewhat, as the wind caught in it at a curve of the shore.

Certainly the runners materially lessened the friction of the load of timber on the ice. The skaters hardly felt the weight more than in propelling the empty sledge. When they got upon the open surface of the pond, they might expect aid from the steady swelling of the sail, now fitful, as gusts swept down, snowladen, from the tree-covered banks of the stream. They hardly noticed the gradually increasing power of the wind behind them; but the flakes in the air perceptibly thickened, even before they had reached the pond.

"Now make a straight course across for the pine point yonder," said Sam Holt, as they paused in lee shelter for an instant. "I suspect we might almost embark ourselves, Arthur, for the breeze is right upon it."

A few minutes of great velocity bore them down on the headland. They stopped for breath, the turned-up prow of their ice-boat resting even in the brush on shore. Then they coasted awhile, until another wide curve of the pond spread in front.

By this time the falling snow was sufficiently dense to blur distant outlines, and an indistinct foggy whiteness took the place of the remaining daylight. Mr. Holt hesitated whether to adopt the safer and more laborious plan of following the windings of the shore, or to strike across boldly, and save a mile of meandering by one rapid push ahead. The latter was Arthur's decided choice.

"Well, here goes!" and by the guiding-rope in his hand Mr. Holt turned the head of the ice-boat before the wind. They grasped the balustrades at each side firmly, and careered along, with the former delightful speed. Until suddenly, Arthur was astonished to see his companion cast himself flat on the ice, bringing round the sledge with a herculean effort, broadside to the breeze. A few feet in front lay a dark patch on the white plain—a *breathing-hole*.

#### FRANCIS QUARLES AND HIS POETRY.

THERE are certain poets whose names are seldom mentioned without a sneer of contempt. Such are Quarles, Blackmore, and Wither. It is to be feared that not their dulness, but their piety and virtue, have brought them this discredit. These qualities have rendered them the butt of profane wits, to whom such subjects have no charm, and who, by smart epigrams, seek to consign them to infamy or oblivion. Thus Pope, referring to the illustrations accompanying the poems of Quarles, has the couplet:—

"Or where the pictures for the page alone,  
And Quarles is saved for beauties not his own."

But all men of genius have not treated Francis

Quarles so unjustly. "There is not," says James Montgomery, "in English literature a name more wronged than that of Quarles; wronged, too, by those who ought best to have discerned and most generously acknowledged his merits in contradistinction to his defects." "Quarles," says the excellent John Ryland of Northampton, "was a man of spiritual wit and imagination, in the reign of King Charles I, a time when poetic genius in the religious world had not been cultivated. I think he may be styled the first, as Herbert was the second, *divine* poet of the English nation. His uncommon turns of thought, the quaintness of his poetic style, but above all, the depth of evangelic flavour, the ardent piety, and the rich experience of the heart, can be relished by none but those who, in the highest sense of the word, deserve the name of true Christians."

As we purpose to lay before our readers a few specimens of the poetry of Quarles, we shall first mention a few notices of his history. Francis Quarles was born at Stewards, near Romford in Essex, in 1592. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, whence he went to Lincoln's Inn, "where he studied," says his widow, "the laws of England, not so much out of desire to benefit himself thereby, as his friends and neighbours, and to compose suits and differences between them." Subsequently, he went over to Ireland, and became secretary to Archbishop Usher. On the breaking out of the rebellion there, in 1641, he fled to England for safety, and died three years after. In the year 1634, when he wrote, every college and pulpit teemed with quaintness and punning; and Quarles did no more than many divines of his day, when he applied his wit and hieroglyphics to illustrate the glory of God and the Saviour.

"An emblem," says Quarles, "is but a silent parable. Let not the tender eye check to see the allusion to our blessed Saviour figured in these types. In Holy Scripture, he is sometimes called a Sower, sometimes a Fisher, sometimes a Physician. And why not presented so as well to the eye as to the ear?" His method of teaching was to give a picture, sometimes, it must be confessed, almost ludicrously grotesque, then to subjoin a text or a motto, and then to conclude with a lyric poem, occasionally rather flat, but frequently brilliant with genius and burning with devotion.

A very favourite emblem of Quarles is a hollow metallic ball representing this world, sometimes with a cross projecting from the sphere. At the close of the following lines the emblem appears:—

"*All is vanity and vexation of spirit.*"—Eccles. ii. 17.

Let wit, and all her studied plots effect

The best they can;

Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect

What wit began;

Let earth advise with both, and so project

A happy man;

Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best;

He may be blest

With all the earth can give; but earth can give no rest,

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,

His cares are double;

The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land

Bring but a trouble;

The world itself, and all the world's command,

Is but a bubble,

The strong desires of man's insatiate breast  
 May stand possess  
 Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no rest.  
 True rest consists not in the oft revying  
 Of worldly dross;  
 Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;  
 Her gain is loss;  
 Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying  
 Upon her cross.  
 How worldlings droll for trouble! that fond breast  
 That is possess'd  
 Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.  
 Another fine poem is in a similar strain:—

## THE WORLD.

"*She is empty, and void, and waste.*"—Nahum ii. 10.  
 She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing there  
 But noise to fill thy ear;  
 Thy vain inquiry can at length but find  
 A blast of murmur'ing wind:  
 It is a cask, that seems as full as fair,  
 But merely tun'd with air:  
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:  
 The soul that vainly sounds  
 Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.  
 She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing in't;  
 The spark-engend'ring flint  
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest rounce shall first  
 Dissolve, and quench thy thirst,  
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast  
 With smooth-fac'd calms of rest.  
 Thou may'st as well expect meridian light  
 From shades of black-mouth'd night,  
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.  
 She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis void and vast;  
 What if some flat'ring blast  
 Of flatusous honour should perchance be there,  
 And whisper in thine ear?  
 It is but wind, and blows but where it list,  
 And vanisheth like mist.  
 Poor honour earth can give! What gex'rous mind  
 Would be so hase to bind  
 Her heaven-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?  
 She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis but a ball  
 For fools to play withal:  
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,  
 That's lin'd with silken trouble:  
 It is a world, whose work and recreation  
 Is vanity and vexation;  
 A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion'd paint,  
 A quest-house of complaint;  
 It is a saint, a fiend, a worse fiend, when most a saint.  
 She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis vain and void;  
 What's here to be enjoy'd  
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,  
 Drawn now, and cross'd to morrow?  
 Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,  
 Reviv'd with living death?  
 Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds  
 Than what dull flesh propounds;  
 Trust not this hollow world; she's empty: hark, she sounds.

In the following poem, the Christian is represented without any ascetic contempt of the creatures of God, but dissatisfied if not enjoying the Creator in all his works.

"*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.*"—Psalm lxxiii. 25.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth;  
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;  
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth;  
 She is my tender nurse; she gives me food:  
 But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?  
 Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh  
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;  
 Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh,  
 And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:  
 But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she  
 Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,  
 My careful purveyor; she provides me store:

She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;  
 She wafes my treasure from a foreign shore:  
 But, Lord, of oceans, when compar'd with thee,  
 What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;  
 Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;  
 Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;  
 Without thy presence, heav'n itself's no pleasure;  
 If not possess'd, if not enjoyed in thee,  
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heav'n, to me?

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares;  
 Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness:  
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;  
 Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;  
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,  
 Nor have their being, when compar'd with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?  
 Not having thee, what have my labours got?  
 Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?  
 And having thee alone, what have I not?  
 I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be  
 Possess'd of heav'n, heav'n unpossess'd of thee.

The restlessness of the human spirit, until touched by divine grace, is beautifully described.

## THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

Like to the arctic needle, that doth guide  
 The wand'ring shade by his magnetic pow'r,  
 And leaves his silken gnomon to decide  
 The question of the controverted hour,  
 First frantics up and down from side to side,  
 And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,  
 With vain impatience jets from place to place,  
 And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride;  
 At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest  
 His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.

E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,  
 By ev'ry object that presents delight,  
 Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;  
 She likes at morning what she loathes at night:  
 She bows to honour; then she lends an ear  
 To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,  
 Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;  
 Now flatter'd with false hope; now foiled with fear.  
 Thus, finding all the world's delight to be  
 But empty toys, great God, she points alone to thee.

But hath the virtued steel a power to move?  
 Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?  
 Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,  
 Unguided by the virtue of thy Spirit?  
 Or hath my leaden soul the art t' improve  
 Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire  
 In this sad moulting time of her desire?  
 Not first belov'd, have I the power to love?  
 I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me,  
 Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

Eternal God! O thou that only art  
 The sacred fountain of eternal light,  
 And blessed loadstone of my better part,  
 O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight!  
 Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,  
 And then my heart shall prize no good above thee;  
 And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love thee;  
 And then my trembling thoughts shall never start  
 From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,  
 Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

The foregoing pieces may favourably introduce the poetry of Francis Quarles to new readers. Throughout his works there are few pages which do not display gems of deep thought and poetic beauty, though often imbedded in masses of rough and unpolished ore. But even in his most unpoetic, or at least most unartistic efforts, we cannot but admire his lofty contempt of the world's vanities, his heavenward aspirations, and his noble spirit of Christian humility and faith.\*

\* Quarles' "Emblems." Illustrated by Charles Bennett and W. Harry Rogers. Nisbet & Co. A splendidly embellished edition.

## GAËTA.

THE fortress of Gaëta has always been regarded as of no mean strength. Every king of Naples has for many years back added to its defences, until the position had become almost impregnable. Were it my purpose to narrate the modern military history of this place (the Caieta of the Romans), it would be necessary to travel back to the year 1440, when Alphonso of Arragon built the first fort. The strength of this was afterwards increased by King Ferdinand and Charles v. The fact that a town had meanwhile sprung up in the vicinity of the fort, naturally suggested the building of a thick wall to surround it. The interior contains a royal residence, the last refuge of the king Francesco Secondo, who, with his wife Maria Sofia, endured, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, all the horrors of a close siege. The late siege is the third that has occurred within the present century. Gaëta was besieged by the French in 1806, and afterwards by the Austrians in 1815. It is situated on a gulf, and is nearly insulated, its connection with the continent being by a narrow strip of land. The population is about 10,000, and the fortress is reported to have been provisioned for six months.

The most remarkable of the antiquities or near Gaëta is the Torre d'Orlando, said to have been erected sixteen years B.C. At a distance of about five miles from the city is a large and flourishing town, the head-quarters of the Sardinian "army of investment," and is called Mola di Gaëta; it occupies the site of ancient Formia, destroyed in the year 856 by the Saracens.

The manner of the siege has been so frequently described, that it may be briefly condensed into this, that, scarcely assailable by land, and the blockade forbidden by the French admiral, the besieging army had uphill work in every sense of the word; with a desperate and determined foe in front, without any possibility of attacking in the rear, the prospect might easily appal a stouter heart than that of General Cialdini, could such be found. To behold Gaëta is to see at a glance that the only existing approach is across a sandy plain swept by a hundred guns; to advance there were madness in the extreme. The steep precipitous mountains in the vicinity of the city are not very inviting, and the transport of heavy guns and material of war, or the making of the necessary way across the face of them, is a work demanding time and hard labour. But nothing daunted by the sight of such unusual difficulties, and convinced that there were none so great as to be insurmountable, Cialdini resolutely set to work, and battery after battery was got up and Cavalli guns put in position, and the bombardment was at length begun.

The departure of the French fleet, owing to the continued remonstrances of the English cabinet, allowed the Sardinian navy to take part in the struggle. The commencement, however, was rather disastrous, as in each gunboat engaged with the forts an old gun newly rifled burst, doing damage more or less to life and limb. The line-of-battle ship "Ex-Monarca," now "Re Galantuomo," and

the frigate "Garibaldi," however, subsequently did better service, and the effect of the combined bombardment, both by land and sea, produced fearful explosions, the principal of which was that of the magazine situated at the battery Annuncianta. The cause of the terrific explosion was the striking of a shell from one of the Cavalli guns in position on shore. Its effect was almost instantaneous; a bright column of flame was seen to shoot upwards, then a deafening roar was heard, and a dense volume of black lurid smoke enveloped the whole scene of the explosion. The violence of the report, as well as the accompanying concussion, brought all the inhabitants of Mola di Gaëta out to see its cause, and many an anxious face was turned in the direction of the battery Annuncianta, eager for the thick cloud of smoke to break or partially clear away, that the results of the explosion might be seen. When the murky mass did at last show signs of dissolution, the battered forts, the fallen palaces, as well as the sudden addition caused by heaps of rubbish, told their own tale. There were in the course of the same day two other explosions, the conjoint effect of which was so disastrous that the king at once sent to General Cialdini requesting a truce of five days' duration to bury the dead. This would in all probability have been granted by a man as humane as he is brave, but that the presence of the Prince Carignano, viceroy of Naples, at Mola di Gaëta, rendered it necessary to refer the question to him; and he, no doubt with the object of shortening the struggle, restricted the grant to 48 hours' duration. Francis II subsequently sent a flag of truce to communicate that, amongst other buildings destroyed, was a large hospital filled with sick and wounded; and, as these poor fellows were in consequence houseless, he requested, in the name of humanity, that Cialdini would receive them when sent out, or forward them to Naples for hospital treatment. The Sardinian at once consented, and declared his willingness to furnish medicines and medical comforts, in case such were required within the fortress, sending in a supply of ice, leeches, etc. at the same time. The sick and wounded were subsequently sent out, tenderly received by the Sardinians, and forwarded without delay to Naples, where, on their arrival, ambulance wagons were in waiting for them, as well as stretchers and all such aids as could be extemporized by their gallant and generous foes.

The writer of this paper was present when the poor wretches were landed at the Mole of Naples from the steamer, and gladly bears his testimony to the kindness and zeal exhibited by the Sardinian officers and men, and more particularly those of the Bersaglieri, the same corps that behaved so valiantly at the Tchernaya, in the late Crimean war. All interested in the cause of humanity must rejoice that while war has its horrors, so also has it its brighter points. As an old writer says: "It is strange to imagine that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits. But 'tis in war that the knot of fellowship is closest drawn; 'tis in war that mutual succour is most given, mutual danger run, and common affection most exerted and em-

played; for heroism and philanthropy are almost one and the same." Never was there a greater proof of the truth of the above quotation than in the Samaritan kindness of the Sardinians to their sick and wounded fellow countrymen of the oppo-

ever treason should raise its head in the capital, and that it would serve as a basis of operations for any campaign to be carried on in Southern Italy. Indeed, one can conceive how easily a king entrenched at Gaëta, and supported by Austrian and



FRANCIS II AND MARIA SOPHIA OF BAVARIA, THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES: FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

site side. And as the ambulance wagons moved through the streets of Naples, a smile of recognition of localities lighted up the wan features of many of their occupants. The men who composed the nominal escort, meanwhile, with their muskets slung across their picturesque Bersaglieri uniform, trudged along on foot, comforting the poor fellows under their charge, and whistling as merrily as if back again in their northern Italian home. Assuredly scenes such as this are bright pages in the Italian war.

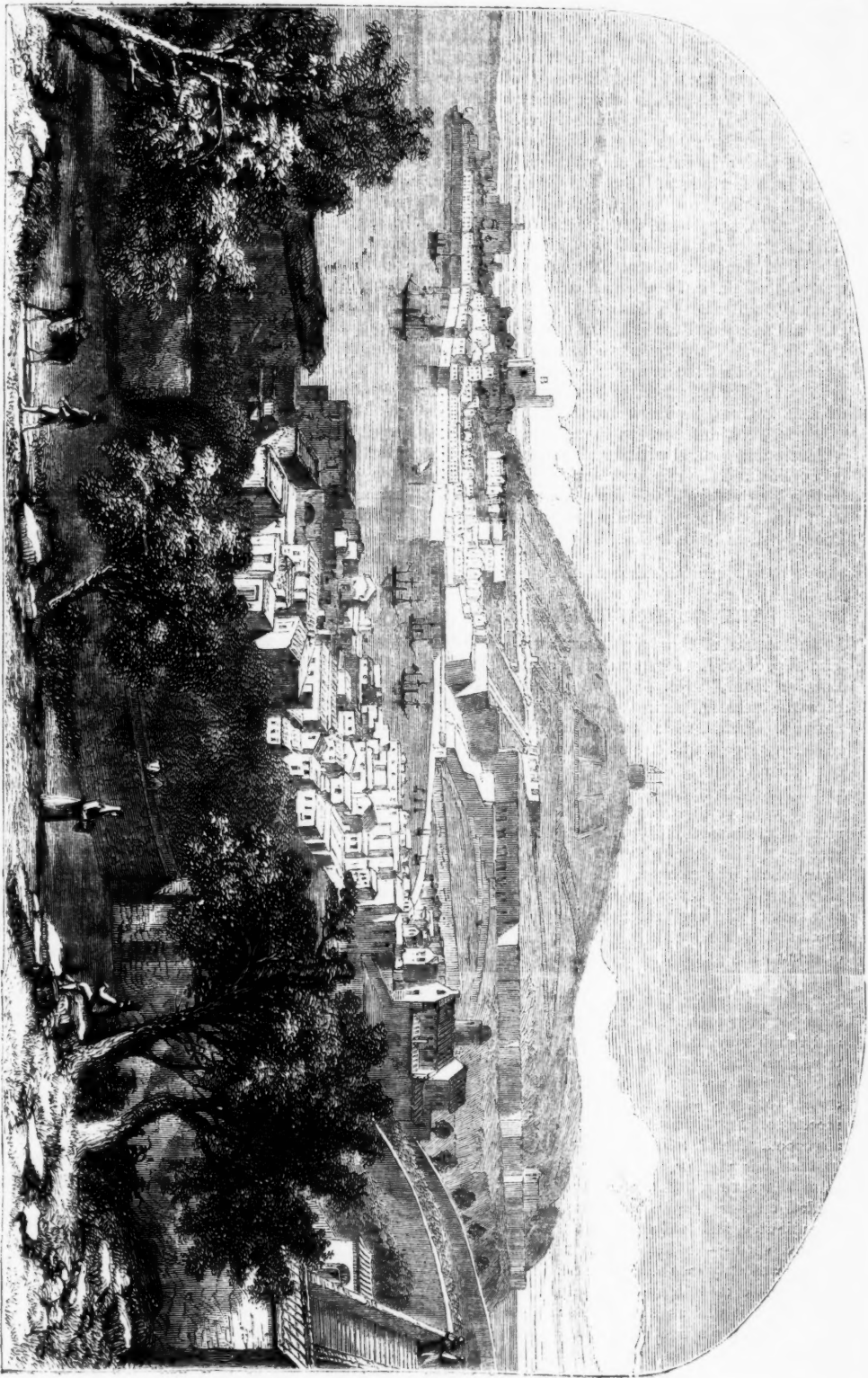
We subjoin, from a recent leader in the "Times," some able remarks on the siege of Gaëta, with just denunciations of the regal and imperial personages on whom the guilt of this unavailing bloodshed must rest.

"The length of the siege may be ascribed much more justly to the strength of the place than to any want of skill in the Piedmontese. Gaëta has been for a very long time a tradition in the Bourbon family. The late King Ferdinand lavished wealth upon it in the confidence that it would always protect him in the time of need. Situated at the extremity of a tongue of land, it is almost impregnable as long as the defenders have the command of the sea. As insurrectionary governments seldom possess naval resources, and as his own navy had always shown sufficient attachment to his throne, the king naturally thought that Gaëta was a sure refuge when-

Tuscan and Roman levies, and by his own faithful fleet, would make his preparations for the reconquest of his kingdom. So Gaëta was made a first-rate place of strength, and had the honour of defending the pope from the violence of his own subjects thirteen years ago. The present king seems from the first to have had no confidence in any spot of the Two Sicilies except Gaëta. Until he found himself within its works, he showed every kind of weakness, vacillation, and even cowardice. He gave orders and countermanded them, entreated the forbearance of Garibaldi, offered to join him in a war against Austria, and finally fled from his capital before a dozen red shirts. But such was the strength of Gaëta, that from the time he reached it his courage returned. He probably knew, or was told, that without the command of the sea his enemies could do little against him, and he resolved to retrieve his reputation by becoming the hero of a historic siege. The encouragement to this course must have been all the more, since the Piedmontese, who had marched hastily through the Papal territory, were in want of heavy artillery, and generally unprepared to undertake siege operations of such magnitude.

"But all is now over. Francis II has done his best and his worst, and it has delayed and not changed the event. The siege of Gaëta has been a useless and senseless conflict. Every man who has





VIEW OF GAETA, BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT, TAKEN FROM THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY OF BOGO

A. Tower of Orlando. B. Ancient Castle used as a Barrack. C. Battery of Santa Maria.

fallen during these five weary months has been murdered for the vainest of reasons—to satisfy the point of honour. The Bourbons could never be restored, for there was nothing left through which they could rule. Some priests in the country districts, with the peasantry they taught, were the only Bourbon partisans left in the kingdom. Had no foreign power interfered, all would have been at peace in a few weeks. But the French emperor thought fit to show his sympathy with the royal cause. We have been told by the 'Moniteur'—and the statement has been repeated from imperial lips—that Napoleon was actuated only by pity for one who at an early age had met with a great calamity, and that he desired only to insure the personal safety of Francis and of his devoted queen. Francis himself was mainly encouraged to persist, by the hope that the emperor meant ultimately to save him. He is, indeed, to be excused; for, shut up in a fortress, he knew but little of what was going forward, and perhaps thought that there was a sincere and general wish for his restoration. The loss of life, and the misery which have been caused by this long struggle, will stain his reputation less than that of the monarch who permitted them, knowing them to be useless."

#### THE GOLDAU TRAGEDY.

In an account of the terrible avalanche, or rather land-slip, of the Rossberg, recently inserted in "The Leisure Hour," (No. 471), we promised also to give the personal narrative of Joseph Wigeld, a native of Goldau, which cannot fail to interest the reader. Wigeld was one of the very few survivors of a calamity which, whether it be designated as an earthquake or a landslip, was so sudden and stupendously awful as to admit hardly of a parallel in the records of human misfortune, when we take into account the numbers who perished compared with the remnant who escaped. His relation of the event is powerful and touching, from its very simplicity and lack of all imaginative colouring; and we shall therefore, in rendering it into English, adhere as closely to the original as the idioms of our language will allow.

"During nearly the whole summer of 1806," says the poor man, "the weather was tempestuous, and the driving rain fell continually on the mountains; no one, however, apprehended any danger, nor did any unusual portents precede the catastrophe that was about to happen. It was on the second of September, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when I told my eldest daughter, Louise, to take her pitcher and bring us in some water from the spring. She took the vessel and proceeded on her errand, but came back again in a few minutes, and told me that there was no water in the spring—it had ceased to flow. As the spring was only on the other side of the garden, I went myself to examine this strange phenomenon, and found it was as she had said—the basin was dry. With my spade I set about removing a little of the earth, with the idea of perhaps finding water below, or of discovering the cause of its failure.

At that moment it seemed to me that the ground trembled beneath my feet, and, on letting go of the spade from my hands, I was amazed at seeing it shaking to and fro as it stood untouched upright in the soil. I heard at the same moment the screaming cries of a flight of birds flying overhead in a cloud. As I was gazing up at their wild and hurried motions, I saw some heavy masses of rock part from the side of the mountain and commence rolling down. Thinking my eyes were playing me false, I hastened to return to the house; but, on turning round, found myself on the brink of a huge rift in the earth, so deep that I could not see the bottom of it, and which had suddenly opened across my path. I leaped over it in a state of bewilderment, and ran towards the house, under the impression that the mountain had left its foundations and was coming after me.

"Close to the door I found my father in the act of filling his pipe. He had often predicted some terrible disaster, and I now told him that the mountain was staggering like a drunken man, and was about to fall and bury us. He, probably taking my words for a joke, raised his head, and merely saying, 'Pooh! I shall have time to light my pipe,' went into the house. At the same instant, something flying through the air enveloped me in deep shadow. I looked up and beheld a huge mass of rock rushing along like a cannon ball; it fell at about five hundred yards from the village, shattering a house to pieces.

"At that moment I caught sight of my wife, who, with three of our children, was turning the corner of a street. I ran towards her, and, taking two of the children in my arms, told her to follow me; but she cried out, 'Marianne! poor Marianne! she is left in the house with Frances;' and she would have flown to the house, but I held her by the arm and prevented her, for at that instant I saw the house itself whirled round like a top. My father, who was standing on the threshold, was dashed to the other side of the street. I dragged my wife away, and forced her to come with me; when of a sudden there arose a most horrible noise, and the whole valley was swallowed up in a cloud of dust. It seemed now that my wife was forcibly torn from my side; I turned to look for her, but she had vanished, together with the child she led; it is unspeakably horrible to think of, but the ground had opened beneath her feet, and after it had swallowed her up, had closed so completely that I should not have known where she was, but for one hand, which yet raised itself out of the earth. I threw myself upon the poor dear hand, which was gripped by the earth as in a vice. I should not have left the spot but for my children, who cried and wailed and clamoured for help, until I started up like one frantic, and, seizing one in each hand, fled for life. Three times was I thrown down by the violent shaking of the earth under me, and three times I rose again with the children and pursued my flight. At length, it was no longer possible to retain a footing for a moment; if I laid hold of a tree for support, the tree fell; if I sought to steady myself by a rock, the rock glided away from my grasp, as if it had been alive. I could

only lay the two children on the ground and myself by their side. The next moment, it was as if the day of judgment had come—the whole mountain fell.

"During the whole of the remainder of the day, and a part of the night, I remained there with the suffering children; we imagined that we, of all people, were left alone in the world, when suddenly we heard some one shouting at a few paces distance. The voice was that of a young fellow from Busingen. He had been to church with his bride that same morning, and was returning with the wedding party from Art. Just as they were all entering Goldau, he had lingered behind to pluck a bunch of flowers for his bride from one of the garlands. When he sought to rejoin the party, he found nothing but horror and desolation; the village, his friends, his bride, all had been swallowed up or crushed beneath the wreck, and he kept wandering hastily among the ruins, calling, 'Catherine! Catherine!' I called to him, and he came to us; but when he saw that she whom he was seeking was not with us, he left us immediately.

"The moon was shining, and, on rising and looking round us, we could see that the large cross was yet standing. On approaching it, I perceived an old man lying at the foot of it as if dead; I saw that it was my father, and, thinking him dead, I threw myself on the body, but I found he was unhurt, and had only been asleep. In extreme old age the mind is little moved by circumstances. I asked him if he could tell me what had happened in the house, which he was about entering when the calamity occurred; but all he knew was, that our servant Frances had caught up little Marianne, exclaiming, 'The day of judgment is come! let us save ourselves.' The next moment the house was overturned, and he himself was dashed across the street. He could give no further account of anything: his head had been thrown against the rock, and he had been stunned by the force of the blow. When he had recovered from his stupor, he had recollected the cross, had groped his way towards it, and having said his prayers there, had then fallen asleep. I gave him the charge of the two children, and then wandered about among the ruins, endeavouring to discover, if possible, where our house had been. At last, by the aid of landmarks, and by marking the position of the cross relatively to that of the summit of the Rossberg, I came to the conclusion that I had found the spot. I got on the top of a mound of soil heaped over the wrecks of a dwelling, and, stooping down with my face to the ground, called out at the utmost stretch of my voice, as though speaking to workmen in a mine. I heard instantly the sorrowful tones of a child's voice answering me, and I knew at once that it was little Marianne. Although I had no tools, I began at once to scrape and rake away the earth with my hands; and in this manner, the soil being loose and shifting, succeeded in soon making a hole to the depth of several feet, until I came to the roof of my house. I tore away the tiles; and as soon as there was sufficient space to allow of my getting through, I slid down below the beam, and alighted in the room, which was strewn with stones and fragments

of the walls. I now called out again, and was answered by a voice which seemed to come from the bed: it was that of the child; I could feel her head and a part of her body under the little couch, where she had been thrown. I endeavoured to extricate her, but she was fast wedged between the bedstead and the floor. The roof had crushed the bed by its fall, and the poor child's leg was broken.

"Exerting myself to the very utmost, I succeeded in lifting the bedstead, when she was enabled to crawl out upon her hands. As I lifted her from the ground, and pressed her to my bosom, she said she was not alone, and that the servant Frances was not far off. I called loudly, 'Frances! Frances!' and heard her groans in answer. She had been torn from the child, whom she was holding by the hand when the ruin came, and was precipitated headlong, and, with her face most frightfully bruised, had remained suspended head downwards, her body being held firmly by the fallen masses. After long struggling she had got her hands free, so as to be able to clear the blood from her face, but could do no more, and in this fearful position she lay listening to the moans of the little child. She spoke to her, and the child replied, and, when asked where she was, answered that she was stretched on her back under the cot; that she could use her hands, and that, through an aperture above her head, she could see daylight and the branches of trees waving. Marianne then asked Frances how long they would have to stay in that dreadful place, and whether people would not come to look for them; but Frances, still under the impression that the day of judgment was come, told her that they too alone, of all people on the earth, were left alive, and that they should soon die and go to heaven and be happy evermore. Then she bade the little girl say her prayers, and the two prayed aloud together. While they were saying their prayers, they were comforted by the sound of a church bell which commenced ringing for service; and then they heard a clock striking seven, and recognised the chimes of Sternersberg Church. Frances began now to hope that help would come to them, as there were people still alive and not far off. She therefore strove to comfort the child, who by this time feeling very hungry, was moaning and crying for her supper. By degrees the moans and cries became weaker, and soon ceased altogether, so that Frances thought that poor Marianne was dead. All sounds had now ceased, and she prayed to God that she herself might also die, and be with the child an angel in heaven. In this way passed many weary hours. Frances felt a dreadful icy coldness in her limbs; her blood could no longer circulate; she felt assured that death was near. But little Marianne, who had only fallen asleep, now awoke, and began to weep and moan again; these feeble sounds, coming from a human voice, roused the fainting Frances, who, struggling with all her might, finally freed one of her feet from the mass of rubbish, and having thus succeeded in changing her position, she felt so far relieved as to be able to take a little rest. She soon fell into a kind of slumber, from which she had been startled by the sound of my voice. When I got hold of her, it was with the utmost difficulty

that I succeeded in extricating her from the ruins. She supposed all her limbs to be broken, and, as she suffered intolerably from thirst, she begged and prayed for water. I brought her to the chink under the aperture I had made, and bade her look up at the stars; but she could not see them, and told me she thought she had lost her sight. I bade her remain where she was, and promised that I would return to save her; but she laid hold of me, and implored me not to leave her. It was some time before I could quiet her fears; but, on being assured that there was no longer any danger, and that I would come back to her as quickly as possible, she allowed me to endeavour to escape with the child in the first instance.

"Then I took her apron from her, and, tying up Marianne within it, slung it round my neck, holding it also as firmly as I could with my teeth. Having thus my hands at liberty, I was able to sway myself up along the beam which I had slid down, and so got out with the child. I made all haste to the foot of the cross where I had left my father; on my way thither I again fell in with the poor bridegroom from Busingen, who, still with the flowers in his hand, was searching for his bride.

"Where is Catherine?" said he; 'have you seen Catherine?'

"Come along with me," I said, 'I am going to the cross.'

"No, no," he returned sharply, 'I must find her, I must find her;' and he ran off, calling loudly for Catherine.

"At the foot of the cross I found not only my father and the two little ones, but several other persons who had escaped, and had ran thither for safety. I gave Marianne in charge of her brother and sister, who were older, and promised to take care of her, and then I told the people that our servant Frances was still in the ruins of our house, and that I did not know how to get her out. One of them directed me to a lone house which was still standing at some distance off, and said I might there get a ladder and ropes. I ran to the house, and found it empty, with the doors wide open, the inmates having all fled. Hearing a noise upstairs, I called out, when a voice replied, 'Is that you, Catherine?' I knew it was the poor young man looking for his bride, and it almost broke my heart to hear him. To avoid meeting him, I ran out into a courtyard; there I found a ladder, which I seized, and also a gourd, which I filled with water, and then I ran back to Frances.

"I found her a little revived by the fresh air, and she was standing upright under the hole, expecting me. I put down the ladder till it touched the ground, and then carried down the water, of which poor Frances eagerly drank. I had no difficulty then in guiding her up the ladder, although she could not see; and thus, after being buried alive for fourteen hours, she was rescued. She continued quite blind for several days, and during a much longer period was subject to nervous convulsions.

"When at length the sun rose upon that fearful scene, no language can describe the awful spectacle it shone upon. Three villages had entirely vanished;

a hundred dwellings and two churches had been swallowed up; and four hundred of the inhabitants had been buried alive. A vast portion of the mountain, rolling down into the Lake of Lowertz, had driven forward the mass of water in a wave a hundred feet high and three miles long, which, sweeping over the island of Schwanau, had washed away all its inhabitants and their dwellings. The wooden chapel of Otter was seen floating on the waters of the lake; and the bell of Goldau church was hurled through the air to a distance of more than half a mile. Of more than four hundred persons who dwelt in the doomed villages, only seventeen survived the catastrophe.

"This narrative was written by me at Art, on January the 10th, 1807, for the sake of my little daughter Marianne, that she may not forget, when I am no longer living to remind her of it, that though we were chastised by the Lord, he remembered us in mercy.

"JOSEPH WIGELD."

## THE SNOWY RIVER GOLD-FIELD, NEW SOUTH WALES.

COMMUNICATED BY A BIGGER.

THE readers of the "Leisure Hour" may like to know about the Snowy River diggings, so recently discovered, and of which as yet little has been heard in England. On a splendid morning, the 20th of January, 1860, we started from Sydney to try our fortune on the Snowy River diggings. Our party consisted of Henry H—, S—, my faithful Jemmy (an aboriginal of the Murrumbidgee), and myself. We carried provisions of tea, sugar, and flour on pack-horses, also shovels, pick-axes, and tin dishes. Our cooking utensils would not have suited Soyer; they consisted merely of a tin can to boil the tea in, a few tin pannikins, and a small frying-pan. Each of the party carried a revolver; and for the general good, to provide game, we had a double-barrelled gun and a small quantity of ammunition. Jemmy (the black) was unanimously elected huntsman for the party. And now that I have introduced the reader to them, I will proceed to recount our progress and adventures.

The first three days we pushed along at the rate of thirty miles a day, so as the sooner to get to where there would be plenty of grass for our horses. On the Great Southern road, where there is so much traffic, within fifty miles of Sydney, you seldom see much grass.

After leaving the town of Berrima, we travelled slower; about twenty miles a day was the general distance; but if we came to a nice place, with good water and plenty of grass, we would come to a halt earlier. When it was decided to camp, each unsaddled his horse and hobbled him out; the pack-horses were unloaded, the tent put up, every one performing some duty; one of our party broke leafy boughs to lay on the ground inside the tent. These are called "colonial feathers." Spread an opossum cloak over these boughs, and the blankets over that, and, though it may seem strange to some English ears, I can assure you that I never slept better in



all my life. Jemmy always slept by the fire, rolled up in his blanket. While one was employed about the bed, another would be getting supper ready, boiling or frying some meat. Tea accompanies every meal. Jemmy, before supper, was always looking for wild ducks and pigeons, or perhaps climbing trees to cut opossums out of hollow branches, in which they had formed their nests. A young fat opossum is very good roasted, and, when dressed with onions, etc., is as good as rabbit. Jemmy could climb the tallest tree in a few minutes, cutting notches in the bark with his tomahawk, just deep enough to place his big toe in. It often astonished me to see how a black can support the weight of his body with his toe alone. If opossums, or any other kind of wild meat, could be got, Jemmy never cared to eat beef.

As soon as supper is finished, each sits or lies full length, according to his fancy, before the fire, smoking and yarning about past adventures at the different diggings, and of long overland journeys with cattle. In this manner hours glide along, until it is time to turn in. Every night one of the party makes a damper, and boils beef sufficient to last through the next day. I shall never forget the remark an Irish woman made when she first saw the operation of damper making. Some years since, I was bringing an Irish emigrant family up into the interior: as I was showing her how to mix the flour and water together, how to knead it, and the proper thickness to flatten it out, all this part of the work seemed natural enough to her; but when she saw me with a spade opening a bed for the damper in the hot ashes, and covering it with them, she exclaimed, "Oh! but you are the dirty people in this country; and will you be after eating that when it comes out of that dirty ashes?" Her astonishment was great when the damper was baked, dusted, and looked as white and nice as if it had come out of an oven.

To proceed with our journey: it will be sufficient to describe one morning's start, to illustrate all succeeding ones. In the morning Jemmy had to start off and get the six horses that were feeding, strike the tent, roll up blankets, cloaks, etc., and have everything ready to pack on the horses. On the sixth day we passed through the very prettily situated town of Goulburn, the second largest inland town of New South Wales. The shops, or stores, as they are here called, would vie with many in large country towns in England; several of them have plate-glass windows, and are illuminated at night by gas manufactured on the premises in a very simple manner, from gum leaves. Goulburn is 140 miles from Sydney, and all necessary supplies and goods have to be brought that distance on drays. We here restocked ourselves afresh with everything we thought requisite, and at three miles from the town we left the Great Southern and got on the Lake George road, going to Queanbeyan.

The second day from Goulburn brought us to the lake, a most beautiful sheet of water, six miles long and about three broad. During dry summers it is often not half that extent, while in wet winters it more than doubles it. We camped here for two days, resting the horses; and Jemmy got us many

fine black ducks and one very large wild turkey. Had any of us tried to get near the turkey, we certainly should not have succeeded. His plan—commonly practised by the blacks—was by crawling on his hands and knees, holding a leafy bush before him, and stopping quite still whenever he saw the bird looking towards him; it was splendidly done. We left this camp with regret. One of the days we passed *prospecting* some of the creeks, but in one only did we find a few fine specks of gold. It is a common practice for diggers, when travelling, to stop and *prospect* any place that shows an indication of gold.

At Queanbeyan we found several parties ready to start for the "Snowy." As this was the last town we should pass, and we had still a distance of 65 miles to go, we loaded the horses with tea, sugar, flour, and a good supply of tobacco. The road we proposed taking was a bridge one, very mountainous, crossing the Murrumbidgee twice in the first fifteen miles from Queanbeyan, and then again near its source. I chose this road as being much shorter, and from my being well known by all the squatters, from whom we received much hospitality. The Murrumbidgee unfortunately was flooded, and it was not until after great entreaty, and with the charge of two shillings each, and the same sum for each of our horses, that we were put across in a boat, our horses swimming behind.

After leaving the river seven miles, the scenery becomes very grand; the path wound round and over some high mountains, the little upland streams, formed into numberless waterfalls, reminding me of the beautiful mountain scenery of Cumberland. After toiling for thirty miles up a continued ascent, you are agreeably surprised by beholding extensive plains, bounded on one side by the Australian Alps, the highest of which are Mount Murray and Mount Kosciusco, 6510 feet above the level of the sea. Going down the Tantangara Mountain, I showed my companions the remains of a boot, with some bones of the foot and leg of a poor young fellow who, about five years before, had left his brother's station to visit some neighbours; a severe snow storm came on that night, and for weeks the ground was covered with snow; the horse on which he rode away returned riderless, which caused his friends to fear that some accident had happened to him. A party of the neighbours were for days tracking and searching in every direction; the only thing found was the boot, and the bones with the flesh eaten off them. The boot was identified, and all were buried, or rather covered over with the shell of an old tree. It is supposed that the unfortunate young man was thrown from his horse, and was so severely injured as to be unable to reach home, and so perished from want and cold, the body being eaten by the native dogs. The plains about the Snowy River are very swampy—so bad in some places that we had to get off our horses and drive them before us; and when they did get bogged, we had much difficulty in getting them to face such places again.

We camped within a mile of the diggings, where there was plenty of timber. Next morning we

started for working, having heard all the news relative to the diggings. The first question asked of me by a friend whom I met was: "Have you brought any flour? Can you let me have a few pounds? I have not been able to get any for the last three days, and then had to pay 2s. 6d. a-pound for it. Meat is plentiful, and nearly everything else, but you must pay high for them." This I expected, as at that time all necessities had to be brought twelve miles on pack-horses. The first sight of the diggings astonished me; not so my companions, however, who were veterans at mining. I little thought, when here two years before, looking for stray cattle on the plains, that I should shortly see it covered with diggers' tents, the ground turned up in all directions, the river dammed and turned off in numberless places, and such a population, where before but few white people had ever been. My friend very kindly told us about some vacant ground near his claim; but as we wished to take up some of the river, we took a good large claim above all the others. Close to the river bank and to our claim, we built a good sod hut, with a large open chimney at one end; the roof was made by the tent. When the sods got dry, it made a comfortable little habitation. It took one day to build our house; the next we began to work in earnest, making a race to turn the river into. We had three long hard days' work before the dam was built and the river regularly turned.

Much cannot be said of what is called the town of Kiandra. For the sake of shelter it is situated on the eastern side of a range; it consists of one street, or rather two rows of tents, with a muddy canal between them. The tents are mostly public-houses, stores, butchers' shops, etc. The doctor's is most conspicuous, his name being written with charcoal in large letters covering one entire side. The Oriental Bank has a branch here, and are doing a good business in buying gold. They certainly run some risk; but as they only give £3. 10s. per ounce for the gold here, and get £3. 12s. 6d. for it in Sydney, they have, after paying all expenses, a profit of 2s. 3d. per ounce. The gold commissioner and his police, amounting to four constables, who ought to have their quarters close to the town, were fully half a mile away; so that, when police were wanted, they were never at the spot in time—a circumstance, however, which often occurs in more civilized quarters. The government, I am glad to learn, have since sent a stronger force. While I was there, the diggers had to adopt "Lynch law," or, as O'Connell said, "the wild justice of revenge." One day a man was seen stealing a saddle out of a tent; he was chased and caught; a regular committee tried him; and, as he was known to be a real bad character, he was sentenced to have his ears split, his head shaved, and to receive a dozen lashes with a heavy stock-whip. There were several other cases of theft, but such severe punishment soon put a stop to such offences.

I must now return to the "claim." After securing the dam, we worked away for several days, removing the drift and stones that formed the bed of the river; a good deal of water used to leak in, so that every morning we had an hour or so of

hard work baling it out; but perseverance won the day, and in a week we had a large piece of ground opened out, and some heaps of stuff ready for washing. The drift contains gold all the way down to the bed-rock; it is, however, seldom that the upper drift will pay for washing. As we worked down, we washed dishes of stuff, and, according to the prospect, made heaps of it, to be washed at a more convenient time. The gold was amongst decomposed schist, broken quartz, and the bed-rock, which was a kind of slate, soft on the top, into which the heaviest gold had sunk some two or three inches; this, with about nine inches over, forms the richest stuff.

Being afraid of wet weather, we worked away so as to have plenty of stuff. It was well that we did so, as a flood soon came down, which carried away our dam, and filled up that part of the claim we had laboured so hard to open. Some parties lower down the river suffered much more by the flood, and were weeks repairing the damage done in one night and a day. We fortunately had plenty of stuff, and so had profitable employment in washing until the flood subsided. The drift is washed in several ways; some prefer cradles, others long-toms, or sluice-boxes. A cradle is but a slow way of washing; with a tom, or box, a party of four can easily wash twenty tons of stuff in a day. We chose a sluice-box, which was made of three boards, twelve feet long and eight inches wide: the boards cost one pound each. They are nailed together in the shape of a long open box, and great care is taken that the sides fit closely, to prevent fine gold passing through. The end of the box, which is slanting, has a plate of perforated iron nailed on it. Under this plate is placed a shallow box, lined with a cloth, and on this cloth all the fine gold falls. We soon found a suitable place for our box, so as to combine the proper slope with a sufficient force of water, and then commenced washing. Our first day's washing made us forget all past hardships, for ten ounces of gold was the first-fruits of our labour. Each succeeding day brought more nuggets and fine gold to light; and during the five weeks we worked this claim, we averaged (not including Jemmy) £20 a-week each man. Any one who may have been on the Snowy River at the time of which I write, will easily recognise the claim of Henry H.'s party.

#### RESIGNATION.

Long time, thou leading me, O God,  
The path of sorrow I have trod;  
And if thy will  
Be that I still  
My journey take along that road,  
O let me not complain,  
But meekly suffer pain.

It is the needful path, I know,  
In which thy children all must go,  
Band after band,  
To that blest land,  
Where, placed beyond the reach of woo,  
They thankfully shall tell,  
That thou didst all things well.

A. D. M.

## VARIETIES.

**ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.**—A correspondent in Norfolk sends the following instances of "animal sagacity, so much like reason, and so unlike routine instinct, that he is puzzled to know what to call it."

"A dog was carrying a hare, when he came to a five-bar gate. He attempted to leap over with his burden, but failed. He then tried to crawl between the bars; still the hare prevented him. Thus baffled, he drew back, and sat down on his haunches, apparently to consider. He then advanced to the gate, pushed through the hare, and followed himself.

"One day I was leading a dog by a string, when he wanted very much to follow his master. He tugged and I tugged; but as I was the stronger, it was all to no purpose. At last, however, he hit upon a plan which was perfectly successful. He turned round and pulled backwards with all his might, which, as the collar was loose enough to slip over his head, soon released him from it.

"I cannot help thinking that animals are able to understand what is said to them, and even what is said of them. I shall mention a few facts which tend to that conclusion. The dog was sitting upon the window-seat, growling at another dog in the garden. I told a person near the window to hit the dog if he did not come down and be quiet. I had no sooner said it, than he jumped down and went quietly under the table. On another occasion he was looking up at me, when we were at dinner, expecting something, and I said to him, 'Go into the kitchen; you will find a bone there for you.' He instantly trotted off. There are many other like incidents which I could relate.

"When we come home from a ride, the dog runs first to the stable, and if the man is not there he runs to the garden. When he finds him he wags his tail, as much as to say, 'How d'ye do? all right!' and then returns to us.

"I was struck with an action of one of the elephants in Wombwell's travelling menagerie. I was giving it a biscuit, when, just as it was going to take it, the black who had the charge of them cried out, 'No take de eat without de work.' The docile animal instantly raised up his trunk and rang a bell; although another was near ready to take it.

"I will finish," says our correspondent, "with a tale which I do not authenticate. A bear met a fox, one cold frosty day, and asked him how he had got the fish he was carrying. 'I stood,' said the fox, 'on the edge of a piece of ice, and dipped my tail in the water; presently I felt it smart, and knew a fish was on, which I jerked out of the water. The greater the smart, the larger was the fish.' Away went the bear to do the same, and, as he had no tail, he dipped in his paw. Presently it began to smart very much, so he thought he must have a very large fish; he pulled up his paw and found his foot frozen off. Evidently he was 'no conjuror.'"

S. H.

**LORD GAMBIER.**—In our recent notice of the memorials of Lord Gambier, a slight error passed, where it is stated that Lord Gambier did not take steps to destroy the enemy's ships until "the next day," whereas he waited only till the tide flowed, and went in at half-past two the same day. The editor of the memorials has made good use of the documents in relation to this affair, though it would have been better had the defence been in the hands of some one whose name would have carried authority with professional readers.

**CURE FOR MENDICANCY.**—On a day fixed, orders being previously given, the police of Munich seized every beggar of every kind that could be found in the streets, and conveyed them bodily to a large manufactory, the character of which was, in fact, that of a workhouse, with, however, the valuable addition of military discipline. Once secured within the New Military Workhouse, the beggars were washed, dressed, and fed; they were given free permission to stay or go, as they pleased; but a decree was soon issued making mendicancy a breach of the law, and order-

ing the gendarmes, throughout the capital, to arrest any one proved to have been begging. The beggar who dared no longer beg, was only too glad to eat the excellent dinner provided at the workhouse, and to do the work for which alone that dinner was the recompence. The work of classification was, of course, difficult. There were some genuine cripples, who were too weak for any work, and such were sent to the infirmary; others there were, who, afflicted with some permanent complaint, were capable of but little exertion, and for these light work was provided; but the majority were "sturdy beggars," who could work well enough if made to do so. No restraint was set on any of them. They were only warned that they would be taken up if they begged; and the only alternative was to accept the work offered them. Wages were paid to really worthy workers, and the dress and board was common to all. As a proof of the success of the system, it may be mentioned, that in five years' time the institution was realizing nearly a thousand per annum. But what was that? The real glory lay in the fact that a vicious, idle race of beings, who were numbered by thousands, even in so small a city as Munich, were gradually converted into honest workmen; were instructed in religion, and raised in moral character; while the citizens were relieved of what had been a tax on their purses and tempers alike.—*The Art of Doing our Best.*

**WERE THE PYRAMIDS ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORIES?**—We have received the following note from Mr. Joseph Jopling, architect, an ingenious student of ancient architecture and simple practical geometry, who believes he has discovered the exact geometrical proportions and curved forms upon which the Parthenon of Athens, the Great Pyramid, and other ancient edifices were constructed.

"Mr. Taylor, in his recent work on the Great Pyramid, conjectures it to have been a record of measure and a record of time. That work, in December, 1859, first drew my attention to try to discover any simple practical geometrical laws of its construction, and after the discovery of such, commencing with the coffer in the king's chamber, to consider the applicability of that mountain pyramid as an astronomical observatory.

"Although the entrance passage is not directed to the same precise point as the produced axis of the earth, (and it appears there is no such fixed point,) yet, being a definite geometrical angle formed by the diagonal of a parallelogram of two squares—the side of the parallelogram being horizontal—for astronomical observations, it may, in reality, be as useful or more so than it would be if, in any latitude, such a passage was parallel to the earth's axis. The first idea was, that simply by producing each face, an inverted pyramid is at all times sweeping the celestial concave, and thus becomes a permanent observatory of all that it embraces.

"Passing on from the first thought, it ultimately became obvious that the whole of the heavens seen from Egypt, by permanent lines on the surrounding horizontal platform, and radiating from the horizontal on each face, embraced daily and nightly every point of the celestial concave for observation and immediate record.

"Casing stones and part of the surrounding pavement, all formed of large blocks and placed with the utmost accuracy, were discerned by General Vyse. The casing stones are stated to be four feet eleven inches in perpendicular height. The inclined face of course is more. The General also records a statement that the Great Pyramid had a plinth. If so, the casing stones discovered in position may be part of the plinth; and if the casing stones on each face of the Pyramid above the plinth, projected a few inches before it, a horizontal edge would be formed all round the pyramid, by which horizontal observations could be made, and the direction of every radiating line on each face, proceeding from such edge, would in the most con-

venient position possible, be at all times ready for observations and records. For easy inspection, an inclined surface is very far superior to a vertical one; and each produced east and west face becomes a meridian, only removed a definite distance from the vertical.

"In the Great Exhibition for 1851, there was no historical representation of observatories from the earliest periods. It has therefore been suggested that efforts should be made to ascertain, and record as far as possible, systematically, all such knowledge in the proposed Exhibition for 1862.

"The number of pyramids may have been multiplied to increase the number of observers at the same time. Or, to each pyramid may have been assigned special work for the observers appointed to it; for example, for working out each field of the solar system, or following the paths of each orb, etc., etc. With the best observatories of the present time, only one observation can be made at the same instant—by the pyramids many.

"It cannot be supposed that, at the time the Great Pyramid was shaped by man, the desert then existed: 'a fruitful field' may since have 'become a wilderness.'"

"TOSSEING THE PANCAKE" AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—On Shrove Tuesday, one of the few relics of our forefathers' Shrove-tide pastimes might have been witnessed in the ancient school-room of Westminster, by any one who happened to be passing through Little Dean's Yard. About eleven o'clock one of the Abbey vergers, in his gown of office and silver wand, opened the door of the school-room (where the boys were busily at work), and announced the advent of the college cook. This gentleman appeared in the room in his "official costume," white cap, jacket, etc., bearing in his hand a mysterious looking compound, which tradition supposes to be a pancake. After poising it deftly on a wooden fork, he tossed it over a bar which separates the upper from the lower school, and went his way. The "pancake" fell among the boys, who thereupon, as usual, scrambled for it in the accustomed manner. This curious ceremony is coeval with the foundation of the school, and is expressly ordered by the statutes, the cook receiving an annual fee (two guineas, we believe) conditionally on his satisfactory performance of the duty. If any one of the boys can catch the pancake as it falls, and preserve it whole in spite of all the efforts of the others to get it from his grasp, he takes it to the Dean and claims a guinea, which is also provided for by statute.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—The intensity of the last electoral contest for the Presidency is revealed by the aggregate of the votes cast, as compared with the number of the population entitled to a vote. The total free population of the thirty-three States (the Territories do not vote) was 27,112,000. To find the number of the population qualified to vote, deduct therefrom all women and minors, all free persons of colour and unnaturalized foreigners, and others who, through recent change of residence, incarceration, or non-registry, were unqualified to vote last November. The remainder cast no less than 4,710,548 votes, and there were few or no complaints of fraudulent voting. Of this number the eighteen free States cast 3,426,903, the fifteen slave States 1,283,645.

WHY IS BRITISH CAPITAL NOT TURNED TO BETTER ACCOUNT IN INDIA?—Capitalists have looked upon India with distrust. Owing to its wretched system of administration; its want of a freehold system of land tenure; its destitution of roads suitable for traffic; and the preponderance of influence exercised by government officials, who have never been favourable to the ingress of Europeans; these and many other causes have conspired to deter Englishmen from embarking millions of capital ready for investment in profitable schemes in India. In short, the want of adequate security for capital has driven that capital to foreign countries, where security was more easily obtainable than in our own East Indian possessions.—*The Cotton Supply Reporter*.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF COWPER'S POETRY.—I return you Mr. Cowper, with many thanks for the pleasure and profit I have received from him. I have found what I have been looking for all my life—a poet whom I can read

on a Sunday, and whose whole writings I can recommend to my young and my female friends, without restriction or exception. Besides that spirit of Christianity, which gives these poems their first lustre, I find in them a bold imagination, much original thinking, and frequently very faithful paintings of nature. In his versification Mr. Cowper is negligent, and seems as if he did not study order in the construction of his poems. But in this age of regular tinkling and correct chiming, this very negligence gives him an original and agreeable air. In the structure of his verse he more resembles the ardent but careless measure of Churchill than anybody I know: he has also his firm and indignant spirit, but in a better cause.—*Letter of Hannah More to Mrs. Bowdler, 13th March, 1785.*

RAILWAY CARRIAGES WARMED BY STEAM.—Our Continental neighbours have just introduced a method of warming railway carriages, which should be at once adopted in England, involving as it does only a trifling expense, and being a great boon to travellers. The waste steam from the engine, instead of being allowed to escape into the air, is conducted from the escape pipe of the engine, by means of a vulcanized india-rubber tube, to copper pipes, through which it circulates under the seats and flooring of the carriages. As soon as the train is set in motion the steam commences to circulate through all the systems of pipes, and warms the carriages, first, second, and third class, equally; and, being connected with each other by india-rubber tubing, they can be immediately detached or reunited at pleasure.

DR. SCORESBY IN PARIS IN 1823.—At the Institute I had the honour to be introduced to several distinguished members; such were MM. Ampère, Cuvier, Admiral Count Rosily, Baron Humboldt, Lacépède, Gay-Lussac, etc., etc. In the evening I attended a *conversazione* at the house of M. Arago, where it was my privilege to be introduced to M. Cailliot, who travelled with the Pasha of Egypt towards the source of the Nile; to M. Simonoff, who has visited the Antarctic circle beyond the *ne plus ultra* of Cook; General Beao, M. Poisson, etc., etc. It was remarkable that the person who had been nearest to the South Pole; myself the nearest to the North Pole; Humboldt, who had been higher than any man upon a mountain and deeper than any man in the earth; and M. Cailliot, who had approached nearest to the source of the Nile—should all meet together in one party.—*Life of Dr. Scoresby*.

FLOATING REFUGE ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.—The recent disastrous gales have recalled attention to the plan of a shipwreck asylum, proposed many years since by Admiral J. N. Tayler. The principle is to have a refuge supported by perpendicularly floating piles, moored beneath and braced together, but with such motion that each pile presents little opposing surface to the waves. Admiral Tayler's plan has been approved by many naval and civil engineers, and he offers to complete in four months one of his floating breakwaters, capable of giving refuge to 300 men, at a cost to Government of £5000. Any one who has observed the resistance to waves, by a phalanx of stout reeds growing at the side of a river, may see the principle of Admiral Tayler's invention as a breakwater.

POST OFFICE ROBBERIES.—There are not less than one hundred servants of the Post-office at this time under penal servitude, and the public have it wholly in their own hands to put a stop to such crimes at once, by ceasing to inclose in letters such articles as jewellery and money. But the Post-office must bear some share of the blame. The men are ill paid; the public have few conveniences for obtaining post-office orders; the fees are unreasonably high, and the transmission of small sums is in no way encouraged. The granting of orders for sums between five and ten shillings, at a fee of one penny for the order, would prove a great convenience, and would materially check this tide of postmen hastening to their ruin.

PRAYER.—Prayer is the key of the day, and lock of the night. And we should every day begin and end, bid ourselves good-morrow and good-night, with prayer. This will make our labour prosperous, and our rest sweet.